

**it's gonna take a
lot to drag me
away from you**

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Genre: M/M, it has a v cheesy ending, modern btw, soulmate au where when a song is stuck in your head it's because your soulmate is singing it, stan and bill are minor in this

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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Summary:

it's hard for eddie to find his soulmate when the only indicator is a song in your head (but richie finds a way)

it's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you

Author's Note:

okay i ALWAYS say this but i don't think this is the best...idk i was very tired when i wrote most of this so i don't think it sounds very good and it's very plain so be warned

it has led to many controversy the claim that whenever a song is stuck in your head, it is because your soulmate is singing it. like religion, there are groups of people who believe it with their entire being, and others who think it's a load of bullshit. even scientific studies have been used on it, those questioning if it's true, and if it is your soulmate *every time* or just some of the time. no matter what no one could get a definite answer, though those who have found their supposed soulmates tend to be firm believers. they all have their sweet stories, always hearing the same song in their head and one day bumping into a person singing the same song, falling in love and just *knowing* they're soulmates.

eddie kaspbrak is a believer of the soulmate song belief, because while he was cynical and pessimistic towards many things, deep down he was a romantic at heart. not to mention there had been plenty of times he got songs stuck in his head that he had never heard before. a lot of them were oldies, a lot of buddy holly (typically 'rave on!'), and sometimes even a song by the title of "kookie kookie lend me your bones" (later he would find out this was his soulmates best friends favorite song). eddie's soulmate seemed to like rock and roll typically, amongst other things. the only song they seemed to have in common was africa by toto, and eddie was starting to think of that as 'their' song. he was also wondering if his soulmate liked his taste in music, or if he despised hearing "it's raining men" and whitney houston (eddie's favorite).

he wasn't sure how his soulmate felt, or really anything about him besides his taste in music, because at the ripe age of nineteen eddie was still yet to meet the person he was meant to spend the rest of his life with. he was worried, everyone else in his life had met their soulmates, his best friend bill denbrough had just met his recently leaving eddie to be the last of his friends to be truly single.

of course he was happy for bill in finding stan, but he couldn't help but be jealous whenever he went out with the two boys, or even just bill but had to see him smiling at his phone screen in that dopey way that made him just *know* he was talking to stan. it was infuriating, seeing someone else so damn happily in love while he wasn't, and he may be selfish for thinking it but he can't help it. he was crazy jealous, and there was nothing he could do about it.

of course he had no idea the amount of times he had almost met his soulmate, but

something got in the way. like that one party he had gone to with stan and bill and they found out their friend was there, but eddie lost them in the crowd before he could meet this friend. then there was the time stan and richie were out for lunch and eddie was in just the store across the street, ended up walking right by the love of his life and not even giving a glance up and in that direction. he had heard of his soulmate though, not realizing it *was* his soulmate, and from the sound of it he already didn't like this 'richie tozier'.

from what he had heard was stan had a best friend named richie tozier who was immature, disgusting, annoying, a wannabe comedian, and the opposite of him. he didn't know how stan was his friend either, since stan and this 'richie' seemed like polar opposites as well. stan says they've been best friends since they were babies and grew up together, their friendship never faltering, similar to bill and eddie's friendship.

so that was how this all started, the beginning of the rest of his life.

bill and stan decided it was high time their best friends since childhood should meet up, maybe to make their group expand more? eddie didn't know, what he did know was that he was on his way to stan and bill's apartment to eat take out chinese food in their bowls and plates with a boy he already disliked.

knocking on the apartment door of his two best friends, eddie could hear chatter from inside and awaited for one of the three voices to acknowledge his light pounding on the door. it was stan who opened the door, always a good host, and welcomed him in to where bill was already sitting at the table and another boy reaching for a glass. eddie was in awe at this sight, this other being in the room, a tall god in an apartment. all he could see was the boys back, but he was still struck just by that. the boy was tall, maybe six feet or more, and didn't even have to reach very high to get the glass. his hair was black and curly, almost like how eddie's was in the rare times it grew out.

and when the boy turned around eddie felt lightheaded, seeing those dark brown eyes and plump pink lips had him weak in the knees, and eddie had no idea how to react rather than just stand still and stare. this got a chuckle out of the stranger, who eddie refused to put two and two together and realize was the infamous richie tozier.

"take a picture, it'll last longer." the dark haired beauty spoke, turning to bill with a sour look on his face before speaking again. "that's too cliche to be funny or have a real impact, isn't it? fuck, i've lost my chance at an amazing first impression."

eddie had never been more embarrassed in his life, and was hoping he wasn't

blushing. “a picture is the last thing i want, i was just so shocked when i saw you and realized how ugly a person could be.” it wasn’t very good, but it was better than nothing.

richie’s jaw dropped, but quickly turned into a smile as he took one large step into eddie’s space. hand out and in his direction, he spoke once again. “richie tozier, at your service.” it was said in a fairly decent scottish accent that made eddie cringe.

“eddie kaspbrak, and never talk to me in a horrible imitation of an accent again.” he shook the larger boys hand, his much smaller. eddie was much smaller than richie in total, because while richie was possibly six foot eddie was barely five feet seven inches, making him feel impossibly small under richie’s stare.

richie laughed, turning to bill and stan who were back together at the table. “i don’t think he likes me very much, fellas.”

eddie walked to his seat at the table and began to take some food to eat, not looking back to richie and ignoring his last comment for the food in front of him.

he sensed richie going back to the table, sitting to his right, and eddie gave him a quick side glance (so as to not show he was staring) before going back to his food and listening to bill and stan’s conversation. all four would join in and speak, with eddie and richie stealing looks and wondering about who the person really was, and overall enjoying the night.

it reached the end of the night and it was time for stan and bill’s guests to depart, so eddie and richie hugged stan and bill goodbye and walked out the door together. outside together and alone in the hallway eddie had no idea what to do, and came to the conclusion just to leave. he began to walk away but was stopped by a laugh and words from richie. “hey, aren’t you gonna give me your number?”

eddie turned around, confused, not thinking him and richie had bonded much over the night to trade numbers. “why do you want it?”

richie rolled his eyes, catching up and making his way to where eddie had walked away. “so i can text you later for your mom’s number, bet she’s hot.” there was the immaturity eddie disliked. “kidding, i want it cuz we’re friends now.”

eddie scoffed, giving richie some of the attitude he gave out. “since when?”

“since tonight, obviously.” he rolled his eyes with this for dramatic affect, then pouted those pink lips to seem sad. “you really don’t like me, do you eds?”

“i hate that nickname, don’t call me that.” typical. “fine, give me your phone.”

richie handed him his phone, eddie typed in his number and returned it. “score.” richie mumbled under his breath, looking down at his phone and not seeing the red of eddie’s cheeks. “i’ll call you, we should hang out soon.”

"yeah, sure." eddie spoke, looking down to hide his flushed face. "see you around." he turned around from the tall man, making his way to the elevator with a smile he just can't get rid of.

by the time he got to his car he had africa stuck in his head, reminding him of the person he was meant to be with. he felt guilty, but he sang along with the song in his head nonetheless.

the next day he got a text from the infamous richie tozier, inviting him to a party the following weekend. he told him it would be at his apartment, no real reason other than to have one, and stan and bill would be there. he also mentioned he could bring as many people as he wanted, but eddie came to the conclusion to only bring one. he assumed he would only know richie, stan, and bill at the party, and he wasn't ready to hang out with richie again and he wasn't in the mood to see a drunken stanley dry humping his best friend. he invited mike hanlon, a friend he had made that was his neighbor in their apartment building, and while they weren't the best of friends they were good enough where eddie would know he would have a good time with the boy.

walking into the apartment he could hear the music playing from outside, and entered to it blasting in his ear. buddy holly by weezer was playing, a song he had heard played in his head before, and it made him momentarily swoon. he had been hearing songs all day, and he was happy to know somewhere out there his soulmate was happy.

eddie and mike walked around until they found stan and bill in the kitchen, getting a drink and leaning against the table. "hey guys." eddie made his way to the happy couple, not needing to introduce mike as he had met them before.

"i'm surprised no neighbors have called the cops, the music is so loud. we could hear it from outside." mike laughed as he spoke, not complaining in the slightest, rather enjoying it and hoping the cops didn't come to break it up.

stan nodded in agreement, and bill spoke for the both of them. "i'm sure in a few hours this place will be emptied out because of the cops. i can't think of a single party richie has thrown since i've known him where the cops weren't called."

"last one i went to before the cops were called was his tenth birthday party, but hitting double digits is what really triggered richie's craziness. after that his birthday parties were rare, because he would always do something and either the cops, the fire department, or both were at his house to celebrate too." stan added his comments, he was one person who can say had been to almost every one of richie tozier's parties. "speak of the devil."

before eddie could let that moment of confusion come out in words, he heard a voice that made him understand what stanley meant. “eddie spaghetti, you came!” came a screech, making eddie turn around to the glorious and gloriously *annoying* richie tozier.

eddie’s arms were crossed and his eyes rolled, a very typical movement for edward kasprak, as he responded. “don’t call me that either, it’s even worse than eds.” he already felt as if this banter was *their* thing.

“so you’d rather have me call you eds? okay, eds.” richie teased, leaning down to eddie to emphasize those words. he could smell the alcohol on richie’s breath, though he seemed sober enough, and he was using this to distract from the fact that richie’s plump pink lips were so close to his.

“no, i’d rather you call me eddie.” he said as confidently as he could with richie bent over and in his face, making eddie a flustered mess.

thankfully he was saved by mike. “hey, you hosting this party? i’m mike hanlon, eddie invited me if that’s okay.” he had his hand out ready to shake, and richie moved away from eddie and in the direction of mike.

“ello mike, nice to meet ye. i’m richie tozier, party host and impressions extraordinaire.” it came out a shitty mixture of an irish and scottish accent, or at least that’s what eddie could gather. richie shook mike’s hand and gave him a welcoming smile, and mike was glad to say he really *did* feel welcomed at this party. “you my little eddie spaghetti’s date?”

before mike could respond eddie cut in, quick as lightning. “no, we’re just friends. you said i could bring a friend so i did.” eddie didn’t know why he got so defensive, about this, he just wanted richie to know that friends was all he was with mike.

“i got my girl back home, well she’s out with her friends tonight, but you know what i mean.” mike gave his own commentary on the question directed at him, much more calm than eddie was. he had met his soulmate when he was seventeen, and he was extraordinarily in love with her.

richie smiled back and forth from eddie and mike, his curls moving as he turned and his plain white tee contrasting those dark eyes and curls. he was so beautiful, eddie was still struck by it. “good, then you won’t mind if i borrow eddie for a bit.” he said to mike, then going back to eddie in his back and forth between the two. “wanna dance?” it seemed like something out of a movie, and eddie was feeling like cinderella as richie asked that with his large hand out awaiting eddie’s.

of course rather than a ballroom in suits they were in his dirty apartment in jeans and tshirts.

“fine.” eddie gave in, pretending as if he was against the idea, but feeling hot as he grabbed richie’s open palm and was immediately dragged into the heart of the

music.

david bowie was blasting through the stereo, heroes playing as loudly as possible, hurting eddie's ears and making it nearly impossible to hear anyone else. if he wanted to communicate with richie he would have to scream directly into his ear, though it seemed richie would rather dance than talk in that moment.

richie was a sporadic dancer, seemingly scattered all over the place with the messiness of his dancing. it was jumping and flailing arms, it was him shaking his head and his curls flying around in different directions, and it looked more like he was seizing than dancing and eddie found it adorable.

eddie on the other hand wasn't much of a dancer, rather slowly swaying to the beat than giving it his all like richie. he had no rhythm, two left feet, and was not a big fan of dancing in the first place. at least this is what he would tell most people when they asked why he wasn't dancing or why he was dancing like that. perhaps he just needed the right teacher to help him.

richie finally looked at eddie while he jumped to the music, moving his curls out of his face to get a better look at the small boy swaying. still dancing he moved closer to eddie, putting his hand on the small of his back and leaning down to his ear. eddie stopped dancing immediately, feeling hot and shaky and everything his mother would classify as a sickness as richie touched him, and he closed his eyes unsure what he was waiting for.

"why aren't you dancing?" was all he got instead, screamed into his ear and richie let go of his embrace and moved away once he was done posing the question. eddie's eyes opened with a look of irritation and embarrassment for thinking something else might happen and *wanting* it.

eddie got on his tippy toes to reach richie's ear, screaming his response back. "i was dancing, did you not see me?"

the two went back and forth with this, richie bending over, eddie on his tip toes. it was richie's turn now. "that was *not* dancing, that was pathetic swaying that seemed disinterested and annoyed."

"well it's better than whatever *you* were doing." back on his tippy toes.

"i'm actually a *very* good dancer when i want to be, just ask my friend bev, we're dance partners." eddie felt a pang of jealousy quickly ripple through him, and he mentally tried to shake it out of his head at the mention of this *bev*.

"i have to see that to believe it." he didn't think richie would actually take up his challenge, but when did richie ever say no to one?

so they continued to dance along with the next few songs until a slower one came on, and richie felt the need to show eddie just what he had learned when beverly

forced him to accompany her to a few dance classes. one large step towards eddie and his hand was back on eddie's back and waist. eddie, confused with what to do let's richie lead, and feels embarrassed when he can feel the vibration of richie's laugh against him. "you really don't know how to dance, do you?" he spoke into eddie's ear once more. "put your hands around my shoulders."

eddie did as he was told, never having slow danced or done any type of dancing before. his hands were on richie's shoulders, a bit uncomfortable and eddie felt as if it was still wrong, but richie didn't say anything as the two swayed.

"this isn't *really* what i learned in class with bev, but it's a much easier and much more high school version. it's for beginners like you." he winked at eddie as he said this, making eddie 'accidentally' step on richie's foot in revenge. "ow."

"whoops." eddie responded, a cheeky smile plastered on his face.

"you're not half bad, just need some practice, and i've been told i'm a great teacher." richie winked, flirtatious as always and leaving eddie flustered as always.

"i think i'd rather get lessons from this 'bev' you speak of. anyone's better than you." he joked, knowing he had warmed up to richie when they first met.

"ouch. you really know how to bruise a man's ego, eds." richie jokingly feigned pain at his comment, sarcastic as always.

"don't call me that, it's just *eddie*." he may have warmed up to him, but he was still tired of the nicknames.

richie shook his head with a laugh, letting the conversation die out, but it didn't get awkward. they didn't need to talk to be enjoying each others company, the silence enough for the both of them.

eddie eventually broke that silence though, with a "i have to go to the bathroom."

richie nodded, letting go of eddie. "let me show you." he began to walk ahead and sift through the crowd towards the bathroom, eddie following close behind like a shadow for the man. "here we are."

eddie nodded his head in appreciation with a smile, going in as 'everybody wants to rule the world began to play'.

he began to wash his head and blocked out the song actually playing at the party, singing 'africa' under his breath instead. soapy hands under water and he mumbled the lyrics of blessing rains in africa before he walked out the door.

still singing it as he walked out, he thought it would have been hard to hear over the music, but when he walked out richie immediately asked him "what are you listening to?"

eddie's heart was beating and he was confused as to why, and answered him reluctantly. "africa...by toto."

eddie watched as richie's smile grew wider and wider until it seemed impossibly big, and he felt himself lifted off the ground as richie picked him up and twirled him around. "it's you, isn't it? isn't it? i hope it is, because if not then this will be so embarrassing and i'll never be able to face you again." richie rambled on and on.

eddie, still struck by the severity of the situation and unsure how to feel about it didn't know how to respond besides a "what?"

richie kept his hands on eddie's waist as he was now on the ground, he was bent over and smiling in eddie's face. "come on, singing africa, whitney houston? don't you want to *dance with somebody who loves you?*" it was borderline mocking, but the fact that he had found his soulmate blocked eddie from seeing that.

"holy shit." was all he could mumble before richie bent down to steal a kiss, and eddie finally got a taste of those pink lips he couldn't stop staring at.

"it's you." richie spoke as he pulled away from the chaste and yet tender kiss.

"and it's you." was eddie's response, eyes still closed after the kiss, and going in for another.

he finally got to kiss his *soulmate*.